



Heavenly's great Mastodon Minstrels are consulting the town as usual. They are at the Grand.

Remenyi and his company appear again this (Friday) evening. The great violinist met a hearty reception on Tuesday evening, and renewed his old triumphs. Mr. Beale, the pianist of last season, is again to the fore, while the singers, Miss E. C. Nason and Mr. Chas. J. Ross, are a decided improvement in those of the former company.

Mr. J. C. Conner, manager of the Royal Opera House, was, the other day, made the recipient of a neat present at the hands of the employees of the theatre. It was a collection of photographs of the donors, handsomely mounted and framed, embracing a very fine picture of the recipient placed in the centre. Mr. Conner has given the present a place of honour in his private room, where it will serve to remind him of the mutual good-will reigning in the establishment.

Mr. Charles Roberts, Jr., gave his first entertainment in Shaftesbury Hall, on Thursday evening, J. K. Cameron, Esq., *Monetary Times*, presiding. The programme was one which required considerable compass on the part of the reader for its proper rendition, ranging, as it did, from the humorous to the pathetic. Mr. Roberts' interpretation of the various selections was most successful. He is possessed of remarkable facial powers of expression, and an extremely flexible and well-cultivated voice. While all was excellent, we must particularly note the "Irish Philosopher" and "Buck Fanshawe's Funeral," in both of which he convulsed his audience. "Shipwrecked" and Edgar A. Poe's poem of "The Bells" were rendered magnificently. The latter, under Mr. Roberts' original and graceful manner of delivery, was scarcely to be identified with the same poem so often and so ruthlessly murdered by amateurs, and even by the majority of professionals.

#### He got a "Soft Thing."

"I wouldn't mind going to Manitoba myself if I thought I could drop into a soft thing," said Spifkins to young Scraggravelle, who had just returned from that region.

"How did you make out there?"

"Well," replied young S., after some hesitation, "I fell into a soft thing myself, but I didn't make much out of it."

"How's that," enquired the curious Spifkins.

"Well, ye see," continued young Scraggravelle, "I bought a nice-lookin' lot on spec, and after a long search I found its exact location; I rode out on hoss-back to the land, and found it was partly under water, and the most solid portion was made up of mush-rats' lodging houses. Well, just about the time I arrived the darned varmint came out of their houses in droves, and made such a dog-gon splashin' around in the water that my hoss got skeered, rared up, and chucked me into the mud. So I was nearly drowned on my own lot!"

"Well," exclaimed Spifkins, "it couldn't be worth much. I apprehend you won't make much out of that speculation."

"Well, no," sighed the disappointed Scraggravelle, "but thar's no disputin' the fact—I fell into a soft thing."

"Just so," said Spifkins, "Good day."

#### "It was the Pie."

A "POE"-ETICAL NIGHTMARE, BY "MAX."

*With sincere apologies to Edgar Allan's dead body's ghost.*

In the night—solemn night,  
I awoke in fearful fright,  
And my chest  
Seemed oppressed,  
As if lead, heavy lead,  
A ton or more of dead  
Weight, was pressing, cruelly pressing  
On my chest!

And a demon with a pie—hot mince pie  
Perched upon my bedpost high;  
And blue devils  
Held their revels  
O'er my brain, aching brain,  
Racked with pain  
And kept dancing, madly prancing  
On my brain

Then I cry, wildly cry  
Give me rest or let me die;  
Let me sleep  
Sweetly sleep.  
But the demon perched on high,  
Yes! the demon with the pie  
Hoarsely shouted, Never—never!!  
Quoth the devils—"Hardly ever!"

Then the joke, heartless joke,  
Startled me and I awoke,  
Awoke in pain,  
Half insane,  
And I said, simply said,  
Do I dream? or am I dead?  
Have I fallen out of bed?  
From the gloom there came reply  
Silent be.

"It was the pie!"

#### Innocent Bigamy.

A DRAMA OF THE PERIOD, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLANTER'S WIFE."

#### ACT I.

*A room in Mr. Bradway's house. Enter Laura Ktes.*

*Laura.*—I am a person of an innocent, refined and staid nature. I believed Miles Rifles to be a polished, high-cultured gentleman. But when I married him, I immediately discovered him to be a thief, a low-minded cad and a professional burglar, which it may be said does little credit to my good sense and powers of observation! Because I would not become a professional burglar, he persecuted me. By his mysterious influence with the Toronto police he had me sent to the Mercer Reformatory. But he is now dead. I read the fact stated in one of Grip's numerous exchanges. It is, of course, true. So I am free to marry the handsome, the wealthy, the high-toned Mr. Bradway.

*Enter Spriggles, a friend of Mr. Bradway.*

*Spriggles.*—But I am an old acquaintance of yours, and I will tell you whole history to Mr. Bradway.

*Laura, wildly.*—Ha! *Strikes attitude and lets down her back hair*

*Spriggles.*—I have the strongest evidence that you are guilty.

*Laura.*—But I assure you on my word and honour that I am innocent. *Great sensation. Orchestra plays soft music.*

*Spriggles.*—Then I am bound to believe you. *He believes her.*

*Enter Mr. Bradway, with clergyman, marriage license, champagne, &c.*

*He and Laura are married.*

#### ACT

*Drawing-room in Mr. Bradway's house.*

*Mr. Bradway, to Laura.*—My dear, here are some securities worth thousands of dollars, which I confide to your care. *Laura locks them up in her workbox.*

*Enter Rifles.*—*Chorus from orchestra.*

*Laura.* Ha! Horror! But, you can surely be only your ghost.

*Rifles.*—Ghosts are played out, except at

spiritualistic seances, which are generally admitted to be a fraud.

*Laura.*—Then you are? *Wild minor notes from orchestra.*

*Rifles.*—Your husband, Rifles the burglar! At once give me the contents of that workbox, or—

*Laura.*—It is locked, and I haven't the key. *Rifles.*—That, I think, is a fib. If you don't unlock it I will break it open with this crowbar.

*Laura.*—Here then, monster! *Gives him the securities. Exit Rifles. Laura faints. Enter Spriggles. He supports her in his arms. Enter Mr. Bradway unseen.*

*Bradway.*—Ha! so the villain makes love to my Laura in my absence. Confusion! But I will have his bel lud. For the present let me retire unseen. *Exit.*

*Spriggles.*—You have had a sort of spell, madam.

*Laura.* Oh, I am ill all over. *Spriggles gives her bottle of St. Patrick's Oil. She at once recovers.*

#### ACT III.

Same room. Enter Mr. Bradway's sister Polly.

*Polly.*—I am just sixteen, but I feel quite grown up, and I wear a train, and despise a mere school girls of the short-skirt brigade. Besides, I am in here with Simon Slimcoe.

*Enter Simon Slimcoe.*—I am the *Globe's* special correspondent to the Cannibal Islands. I have just seen a burglar burglarizing a lady's workbox in this house and I feel like fainting. Will no one support me? *Polly runs to support him with her back to his. They stand knocking their heads together. This is a specimen of the most exquisite humour of the modern drama, and excites loud laughter and applause.*

#### ACT V.

Same room. Laura. Enter Mr. Bradway. *Mr. Bradway.*—I'll just trouble you for the money securities I left in your charge a while ago.

*Laura.*—They were removed thence by a professional burglar.

*Enter Rifles, disguised as an aristocratic friend of Bradway's.*

*Rifles.*—Don't believe a word she says. I beheld her giving them to that fellow of hers you saw hugging her yesterday.

*Enter Simon Slimcoe and Polly.*—Just so! They were stolen by that ruffian who threatened her with his crowbar till she unlocked her workbox.

*Rifles.*—I must retire. 'Tis true, the Toronto police do not often molest an able-bodied burglar, still one must be on the safe side. *Withdraws.*

*Bradway.*—'Tis well. But that man in whose arms—

*Laura.*—I had fainted? he is the Toronto agent for St. Patrick's Oil, whose incomparable restorative powers he was successfully applying to my unconscious brow.

*Bradway.*—'Tis passing well. Bless you all.

*To Polly and Simon Slimcoe:* Approach, my children! kneel! *They kneel. To Simon Slimcoe.*

Come to my arms, my noble, talented boy! Accept this purse, which the lofty needs and precocious income of a journalist may render not undesirable! *Gives purse to Slimcoe.* Pay, as it so please you, those debts which a too generous disposition have led you to contract, provide thee with a new Ulster, and it may be a change of linen. Buy a pretty engagement ring for Polly; be virtuous and you will be happy.

*Tableau.* *Orchestra plays wedding march.*

C. P. N.